

## The History of

*Prin.* What saist thou, *Mistris* quickly? how does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

*Hof.* Good my Lord, heare me.

*Fal.* Prethee let her alone, and list to me.

*Prin.* What saist thou, *Iacke*?

*Fal.* The other night I fell asleepe here behind the Arras, and had my pocket pick't, this house is turn'd bawdy-house, they picke pockets.

*Prin.* What didst thou lose, *Iacke*?

*Fal.* Wilt thou beleewe me, *Hall*? three or foure bonds of forty pounds a peece, and a seale Ring of my grand-fathers.

*Prin.* A trifle, some eight penny matter.

*Hof.* So I told him, my Lord, and I said, I heard your grace say so: and, my Lord, he speakes most vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man, as he is, and said, he would cudgell you.

*Prin.* What he did not?

*Hof.* There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in mee selfe.

*Fal.* There's no more faith in thee, then a stued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for woman-hood Mayd marian may bee the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee, Goe you thing, goe.

*Hof.* Say, what thing? what thing?

*Fal.* What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

*Hof.* I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst know it: I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy Knight-hood aside, thou art a knave, to call me so.

*Fal.* Setting thy Woman-hood aside, thou art a beast, to say otherwise.

*Hof.* Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

*Fal.* What beast? why an Otter.

*Prin.* An Otter, *Sir Iohn*? why an Otter?

*Fal.* Why? shee's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes not where to have her.

*Hof.* Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou, or any man knowes where to have me, thou knave thou.

*Prin.* Thou sayest true, *Hofesse*, and he flanders thee most grosely.

*Hof.* So he doth you, my Lord, and said this other day,  
You

## Henry the Fourth.

You ought him a thousand pound.

*Prin.* Sirra, doe I owe you a thousand pound?

*Fal.* A thousand pound, *Hall*? a Million: thy love is worth a Million: thou owest me thy love.

*Hof.* Nay, my Lord, he called you *Iacke*, and sayd he would cudgell you.

*Fal.* Did, I *Bardoll*?

*Bar.* Indeed, *Sir Iohn*, you sayd so.

*Fal.* Yea, if he sayd my Ring was Copper.

*Pri.* I say tis copper: dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

*Fal.* Why *Hall*? thou know'st, as thou art but a man, I dare: but as thou art *Prince*, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons whelp.

*Prin.* And why not as the Lyon?

*Fal.* The King himselfe is to be feared as the Lyon: doe'st thou thinke i'll feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay, & I doe, I pray God my Girdle breake.

*Prin.* O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees? But sirra, there's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this bosome of thine; it is all fill'd up with Guts, and Midriffes. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horefon impudent Imboist rascall, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but taverne reckonings, *memorandums* of Bawdy houses, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candy to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other injuries but these, I am a villaine, and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong: art thou not ashamed?

*Fal.* Dost thou heare, *Hall*? Thou know'st, in the state of innocency, *Adam* fell: and what should poore *Iacke Falstaffe* doe in the dayes of villany? thou seest, I have more flesh then another man, and therefore more frailty: you confesse then you pickt my

*Prin.* It appeares so by the story. ( pocket.

*Fal.* *Hofesse*, I forgive thee: goe make ready breakefast, love thy Husband, looke to thy Servants, cherish thy Chests, thou shalt finde me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified still: nay, I prethee be gon. *Exit Hofesse.* Now *Hall*, to the newes at Court for the robbery: Lad, how is that answered?